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Such that I hope my fauyn for to stele
And good leman for the oades and lepe
And with that word she gan for to wepe
Allyn up yst and thought or it dawns
I wol go nere in be my felaw
And felt the cardil with his hand a noue
So God thought he at wrong had I goun
my nose is toty of my swynk at nyght
that maketh me that I go nat a nyght
I doot wels be the cardil I have mye go
her lych the mytler and his wyfe als
And forth he goth a tenty dail wey
unto the bes thep as the mytler lay
he went hawd copyn by his felows John
And by the mytler he copith in a noue
he kanyt him be the noke and oft spak
he ois poves John thows swynshes a wale
For enfas wile and here a nobil game
For by that lord that callis is coput name
As I have thys in this chort nyght
O wyf the mytler his doughter bolt my nyght
Why he thows hest as a coways bow a gast
No fals hylot quod the mytler hest
A fals troynt a fals deit and he
thows chalt be dows be goddis doughter
Who saye be so bold for to dysperage
my doughter that is com of onch kynage
And by the thote bol he caght allyn
And he hem dysproustly a gayn
And on the nose he smote him with his fist
Dowd jan the bloode stome opion his blost
And in the flore with nose and moeth to bloke
thoy deawdis as dows to pigge in a poke
And cop they goon and doun a geyn a noue
Tyl that the mytler stombolit att a ston
And dound he fil bakward on his wyfe
that wist no thing of that nyse styse
For she was ful of oles a lych wyght

With John the clerk that wakis, hath al myght
 And with the fal out of her slepe she bryd
 Help holy cros of bryghthm she ovyd
 In maime tuas to the lord, I cal
 A wake Symond the fynd ye on we fal
 myn hert is blokyd help I am but dede
 thei' lych on my wombe and on myn hede
 help Symlyn for the fale clerkis fight
 the qolnd stert up as oone as omy he myght
 And graspid by the wattle to and flo
 to fynd a staf and she stert up also
 And knowe the othe bet than did the qolnd
 And by the wal a staf she found a none
 And sawe a litle shynnyng of a light
 For atte hole in shous the moun light
 And by that light she sawe hem both to
 But slyly she us wist who was who
 And as she sawe a whete in her ye
 And when she gan the whete yung a spy
 She wond the clerk had wond a wotepoy
 And with the stafe she drew ay nois and nois
 And wond to have hit the delyn att ful
 And smote the mytley on the pitte oful
 And down he goth and cryd hayowes I dy
 these clerkis bete him wole and lete him by
 And graythed hem and toke her torn a none
 And oke her mole and on her wey they gone
 And att myt dor yit they toke her lase
 Of half a bushel flour wole I lase
 thus is the plover mytley wole I bete
 And hath I oft the gynyng of the wote
 And paid for the owerp onewdole
 Of delyn and John that bete him wole
 his wyfe is owerd and ye soghter als
 so such it is a mytley for to be falc
 And thei' for this plover is ful with
 him thei' nat wene wole that ower south
 A gyler that o by be gyler be

And God that dwelt hy in mageste
 Sade at this companys mete and smale
 Thine hase q quyt the mytler his tale

Here endith the Rede his tale

Here begynnith the Foke his prolog.

The foke of London while so Rede spak
 For joy he thought he cladd him ou so bak
 Alha quod he for giste owd passion
 This mytler hath a chary conclusion
 Oppon his argument of herboragage

Doelde ovyd Salamon in his langage
 no pise nat enow man in to thyu howse
 For herbyghing bo upght is peilousse
 edde oght a man a dyfis for to be
 Schom that he bynig into his pyete
 I pray to God so yode me odrowe and cye
 Syn ovyd that q hight hore of wane
 Hore q mytler bot q oet a doik
 He had a jape of malice in the doik
 But God for bode pat edde styncyn hore
 And porfore yf yos do wch oad to hore
 A tale of me that am a pore man
 q edol yos tel as edel as othy q can
 Alkil jape that fil in my cote
 My oft answere and ovyd q ignit in the
 no wote tel on Roger wds that in be good
 For many a pafy hast yos wote blode
 And many a jake of dordy hast yos wote
 that hath be edye hore and edye wote
 Of many a pylgrynd hast yos wote giste cye
 For yit of thy peysely they fane the wote
 no wote tel on gentyl Roger be thy name
 But q pley the be nat edyth for game
 A man may ovyd ful wote in game and pley
 thos ovyd ful wote ovyd Roger be my foy

But sooth pley made pley as po fflouyng oerth
 And ther for hamy bayly bo thy feith
 Bo thoos nat deioth or so deparyn here
 Thogh that my tale bo of an hostolore
 But nothyles qeol nat tel hit yit
 But or so depart I wis poer chalt bo quyt
 And ther with al he loore and made chore
 And oer his tale as yos chynl afir here

Here endith the koke his prollong
 And here begynnith his tale



Frontis Schylom dwelt in this cote
 Of a cast of vittolles was he
 A gaylard he was as goldsmith in po chatte
 Asoun as a bey and a yny short folatso
 With lokkeis blak I kembir ful founste
 Daunce he coerde pat wol and jolok
 For he was cleyn poyntyn jolokous
 He was as ful of looe and payamouys

For I com after h.
I hope in p.
And with the wordis he with a good chere
Began his tale as yow chere after here

Here begynnyth the man of lawde his tale
the which is a Cronycle of 2 m



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Dyde men dmeis thingis ovedyn
the Argumentis castyn up and dound
many a odel resou forth yey laydyn
they spak of magik and of haduon
But fynally as in this conclusioun
they can nat odo in that nono amytage
And in none othir they odo in mayatage

then oasse they they in such dofolcultwos
so wey of resou for to speke al ploynd
so cause nat yey was such dmeisatoo
Byt by hey both lassis ad yey ovynd
they noese that no enstyn pynce wold foynd
weddyng his child wedyng lassis ovynd
that we was tathit by mahound ony apheeto

And he ansewys iathyn than a lode
Custance q wot be crystenys doutles
I must be heres q may none othir chos
I may zee hold yey Argumentis in pes
Sawith my lyfe and be nat iechillod
to getyn he that hath my lyfe in eny
for in this wo I may nat long endure

What nedith yete dilatacioun
Joy be tetyse and be enbassytyn
Joy by the Popis meditacioun
And at the church and at the chyrchahy
that in distinctioun of maimentyn
And in encies of enstis lassis deye
they deue a cordit as yee shul asty here

How that the Dowdon and his bayonage
And al his lasses shal qistynys q be
And he shal have Custance in mayatage
And certen hold quote what quantite
And yey to found yey good dmeis
this oame a cord was ovynd in othir oide
Noese foy custance al myty for po gydo

neeße wolþi som men beeytyn as ȝhes
 that ȝ shulþitel al the prysoance
 that the Emperour of his ȝete nobles
 hath chapynd for his doȝhter þance Eustance
 wel may men knowe that oȝete ordmance
 may no man tel in oȝe litle a classe
 As was ordoynd for oȝe high a cause

þysshoppis bene chapynd wȝ hem for to wende
 lordis and ladye of ȝete lounes
 And oȝy folk ȝ knowe this is the ende
 And notyfys is thoroȝe out the towne
 that oȝe by to wȝ ȝete deuoion
 shulþ prey eyste that he this mayage
 kesseyse in ȝe and spee this mathe

the day is comyn of her departyng
 ȝ oȝe that the woful day is com
 that they may be no longer taryng
 But forwys they see hem al and oȝe
 Eustance that wȝ oȝe ye al oȝe com
 ffue pale a wȝth and dresst her to wende
 For eȝe she eȝe they is none oȝe ende

Alas what wouȝt it is though that oȝe wouȝt
 that oȝe be sent wȝ to oȝe fyttinge a nation
 ffie ffouȝe that hy oȝe tendinge faye
 And to be bounden wȝ such subiection
 Of one she knowȝth nat his condicon
 husbonds bene al gode and have bene yore
 that knowȝth by bys ȝeys oȝe no more

ffasy she oȝe thy wȝeathis child Eustance
 thy yong doȝhter fofind wȝ oȝe oȝe
 And yee my moȝer my oȝe plesance
 Oȝe al thing out takyn eyste on lofte
 Eustance yeur child her recomandȝ oȝe
 wȝ to yeur ȝate for ȝe shal con to dny
 Re oȝe quere oȝe yee more wȝ yȝe

Alas on to the bayberry nation
I most anon yf it were yem' evil
Butt eyste that dies for ony' redemption
So yf me grace his hostis to fulfil
I wreathis woman no force pough I spile
Common and odred to thraldome & to pounco
And to be vndy manys go benaunce

It was at the joy when tynys glafe ye bal
Or yldon not brend thebes the dete
So come for the dete of any bal
That romayns hath benquysshis tymes this
Was heis such tondy wepyng for pete
As was in the chamber for her wepyng
Butt forth she mot ehesty she wopo or dyng

O hosty mornyng quel firmament
With thy synnal eich that goest by ay
And hystelst al so oft to oar dore
That natyrelly wold holdyn a nory way
Thy goestynng set the hebd in such a way
As do gyymyng of this fierce wraige
That cruel marce hath sleid this manaye

Infortunat ascendant tortuoso
Of which ye lord is helpe fal a las
Out of his angle in to ye doleful howse
O marce oaytayer as in this case
O phobyl mone an happy bothy pass
Thoebe euctest the theie as poebe at nat possesid
There theebewy wele fio pou at thees boyevid

undo themon
sto 10 ca s

Impynsout Emperour of Rome alas
Was ther' no philosophy in thy tobbin
Is no tyme beay' than othyr in this case
Of mayys is ther' none othyr olacion
Standy to folk of hy condicion
Not when a root ye of a byth I phoebo
Alas yeo beed to lott or ellie to slobo

Tho to ship was bryght this woful fey maid
 Solowpuly with enow circumstauce
 Roese qhd tyste be with yowre al ohe seyd
 Thoy is no more but fare wels fey sustaunce
 She prynceth her self to make good contenance
 And forth q lere her oyl in this manere
 And tyn a yene q wol wnto my mateys

The moosy of pe goodson wel of wices
 Aspyes hath her connyng ploynd outent
 Hottes he wole lere his oles oacyfyce
 And nyght a none she for her counsel went
 And they bene comyn to knowe what she ment
 And when assembled was this folk in fier
 She set her dond and seid as yee shul here

For duryng quos she yee knowe wels eny thow
 Hottes that my ood in poynt ys for to lere
 This holy lacye of our Allaynd
 Yowyn be goodis messenger makamote
 But one a wote to giete God q hote
 This lyfe shal iathyn out of my body stert
 Or makamone lase go out of myn hert

What shul we tydyd of this nelle lacye
 But thalson to our body and pouaunce
 And aflywys in hel for to be slacye
 For woe yownd makomys our cleamys
 But lordie wol yow makyn assuance
 As q shal sey assentyn to my lere
 And q shal make us safe for evy more

They swore and assentid anyman
 To kysse with hir and dy and by her stonde
 And onych in the best wys that he can
 To strength her shal his frendie fonde
 As she hath this empyce take on honde
 Wyche yow shul here as q shal de wys
 And to hem al she spak nyght in this wys

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Whou Alla saße he byße for her hottot
And wept that it was iolbit to do
For att first look that he on her sot
he knelbit wepely that it was sho
And for odores as Doube stoude as att
So was her hott ot in her distes
Whou sho iouembithes of his vnkynsones

threysche odores in his oesid sight
he wept and hym excusith petously
Reede god quod he and his Galles bryght
So wyssly on my odeste hadd mercy
that of your hand as gyltles am I
As is my ood maceys so lye your faso
Or ellis the fende feche me out of this plase

Long was the snobbung and the bittyn poyd
Or that her weful hott myt in my wyse cose
Sote was the nett for to her henn ployd
thyngh with pleyntis gan hy woo enclose
I prey you at my labours to wese
I may tel her woo am tyl to moretbo
I am so wey for to speke of odores

But fynally when the othe is list
that Alla gyltes ye of her woo
I trothe an hundre tymes they bone list
And such a ble is there bo ttey hom to
that eade the soy that safer oth mo
that yer is none lye to my creatur
that hath ovyd or oth al while ye world may dure

he prayd sho her foud moeely
In je. spung of her foud moeely
that ye wold pray her foud moeely
that of his ma giste he wold outdye
as for ch odes com tyme to tyme to dyne
The prayth him eke he shul be no wey
Du to hy fady no ttey of her eke

A nyen the offeys of byntur fens and cold
 This cambustan of pe which I have yeebe told
 In that bestementis out upon his doys
 South dyadome ful hye in his paloye
 And held the best columpne and ncho
 That in this world was yee none in rich
 Of which yf I shuld tel al the ray
 Than wold hit oany a domene day
 And oke it nedith nat for to desys

At eney coue the ordy r hyr seys
 I wold nat tel of her stronge delys
 No of her swamys no of hyr honysse
 Fro in that lond as tolyu fuyghte old
 Ye oom more pat is ful doynre hold
 That in this lond men wch of it but final
 Thore is no man that may reportu al
 I wold nat say yeebe for it ny pyme
 And for it is no fuyre but lde of tyme
 Am to my fust tale I wold have recourse
 And oke fil that a fuyr the thys coue

Whis pat this fuyr out in his hy nobley
 He fuyr he mynstrells her purgys pley
 So foru him at his bord dyligently
 In atts hat dor they nith ful odyntly
 Cam a fuyghte upon a fiede of blas
 And in his honde a fiede mynnyng of glas
 And on his thombe he had of gold a fuyr
 And by his oys a natve oword hangyng
 And up he nith to the hye bord
 In al the hat no was per spode a bord
 For merceil of this fuyghte hym to be hold
 And lpyly they thayn yout and old
 The fuyr fuyr that cam od odyntly
 At dymys oaks his hede ful ncho
 He outeand fuyr and quene and lordie al
 By odynt as they outu in the hat
 With so hye reberence and odyntly
 As wold in fuyr as that in contemne

That fallen with his old curtesy
 though he come yene out of the foyne
 he cotes him mens with a word
 After this beforne po hy bord
 he with many more ovis his messago
 After the founde wiss in his launtyng
 with out faile of sillabill or eld feyn
 And for his tale shuld come po bery
 A cordant to his word was his choys
 As techyth arte of spech hem that it loys
 Al be it that he can nat oowen his stile
 ras he can nat clymbyn on so hye an hile
 than sey he thus to the comyn entent
 thus much a mowatith that he ment
 If it so be that he have it in mynde
 he ovis the fyny of his ovis and of ynde
 my ovis ovis in this ovis ovis day
 Ovis ovis ovis as he best can and may
 And sendyth yow ovis homay at your fests
 So mo that am al yow at your hoste
 this fests of his that esly and wolo
 can in the spase of a day natmole
 thus he to sey in feyn and elbury hollens
 When yow heft in dygh or ette in sholue
 he it boys your body to ovis playd
 with yow heft with for to pass
 thus he to sey of yow ovis foetle r foy
 he it to fte as hye in the heyl
 he it an eul when heft to ovis
 he it a fte that boys yow ovis more
 thus he to sey yow yow yow be the ovis fte
 the ovis yow ovis on his bak or fte
 And he to sey with a gnyng of a pynd
 thus he to sey he eul ful many a tynd
 he to sey many a constatation
 thus he to sey the operation
 thus he to sey a ovis many a bord
 thus he to sey he it he have in my honde

That can an hundred fold more votalte
 He that hath be trayd folkis many tyme
 Of his falsnes it suldth me to ryme
 Swa when I speke of his falsshede
 For shame of hym my chekis as eye rede
 Alhatis they beynnyn for to yfesse
 For rednes have I noon asete I knowe
 In my visage for fumes diuers
 Of metallis which yee haue herd me reherce
 Confused & wastid hath my iudges
 Nowe take hede of this Chanons curfides
 Swi quod the Chanone let yow man goon
 For quyl sylow that we had it a noon
 And let hym brynge owncis too or thre
 And when he comythe as fast shul yee see
 A woundir thing which yee shal nebu or this
 Swi quod the preest it shal be so quod
 He has his seruaute feche hym this thing
 And he al redy was at his bidding
 And went hym forth & cam a noon ayeine
 With his quylsilow shortly for to deyne
 And toke these owncis thre to this Chanone
 And he hem leyde feyn & wele a done
 And had the seruaunt as he for to brynge
 That he a noon myzte go to his working
 The which were a noon were I fet
 And this Chanone toke out a crosse let
 Of his bosom and shewid it to the preest
 This instrument quod he which pat poue dist
 Take in thy hond & put thy self it in
 Of this quylsilow an ounce & he be yyme
 In the name of Criste to assece a philosophur
 To have been ful fere that I wold profu
 To stowe hym this much of my science
 For yee shul see here by experience
 That this quylsilow wol make mortyfy
 Enter yow oize a noon with out by
 And make it as good sylow and as fyne

As there is eny in yowr pnyce or myne
 Orelse were and make it as abill
 Amongst all folk eue for to a pere
 I have a pnyce here that cost me dere
 Shall make al gold for it is cause of all
 My comynge which I telle tell shall
 Voyde yowr yeman and let hym be there oute
 And hit the dore whils aye be a bonte
 Our pryvyte that no man vs espy
 Whils that aye work in this philosophy
 Al as he has fulfild was in sede
 This seruaunte a noon oute zede
 And his master hit the dore anon
 And to hyr laboure spedely they goon
 This preest at this curst Chanons bidding
 Upon the fere a noon set this thing
 And bleke the fere and beys hym ful fast
 And this Chanone in to the crosselet cast
 A pnyce note I were wherof it was
 I made othir of chaff or glas
 Or oon what els was nat worth a ffy
 So shynde with the preest and bas hym hye
 The colis for to toschen al a bove
 The crosselet in tokenyng I the lode
 Quod this Chanone thynne ome hondis too
 Shall work al thynge that shal here be do
 Graunte mercy quod the preest & was ful glad
 And corchis colis as the Chanone bad
 And whils he bes was this frendly wreche
 This fals Chanone the fals fend hym forche
 Out of his bosom toke a bechen cole
 In wich ful subtle was made an hole
 And they in put was of sylver lymyall
 An ounce & was stoppid with oute fayll
 The hole with the awepe to fepe the lymyall qu
 And conde stonidith that this fals synne
 Was nat made there hit it was made to foie
 And othir thynge with I shall tell anon

And nestour for to tell talys
 Anoon in myne armyng
 Of Roundmayns that been rallys
 Of popis and of Cardmallis
 And eke of love likeyng
 They fet hym first the swete avyne
 And mese eke in a maselyne
 And othir rath spicery Of myngebred
 Of myngebred that was so fyne
 And heryse and eke comyne
 With sugur that was try
 He had next his white lere
 A clothe of lase fyne and clere
 A brech and eke a short
 And next his shert an haketome
 And dore that an habetome
 For percyng of his hert
 And aboven that a fyne half bork
 That was al wrought av helms over
 Ful strong it was of plate
 And dore that his cote armure
 As white as any lily flou
 In which he wold debate
 His sheld was al gold & red
 And they in was abrys hode
 A charbolitt be gyde
 And they he wore on also brode
 That the semant wold be dede
 The tyde what he was
 His games were of querbol
 Swerdw sheeth of quorn
 His helme of lator brize
 His ordell was of rowett boon
 His byndis as the gone it shoon
 Or as the moon lize
 His spere was of fyne ayres
 That bidith away 2 nothing pose
 The heed ful sharp 2 rounde

His steede was all dappill grey
 It wenth an ambill by the avey
 ful soffely and ful romide in lond
 And lordw anyne here is a fitt
 yff yee wol eny more of it
 to tellit woff q fonde
 Now holdith yenn tynnis p^r chaite
 Both knyghte and all the pepill fro
 And herkenyth to my speche
 Of batell and of thimale
 And of ladies love delyry
 Anoon q woff gelve tell
 even speken of Romances of pyse
 Of horn chils and of qponse
 Of p^radis and of our gny
 Of our libens and p^redamon
 But our thopas berith the flour
 Of nall thimale
 His good steede he be stode
 And forth oppon his way he rode
 As sp^rit out of bronde
 Oppon his arste he bare a toure
 And thei in fildis alhy flour
 God sheld his cors from shende
 And for he was a knyght amirous
 he ne slept in noon house
 But loughid in his hood
 His bryzt helm was his wonger
 And by hym he bare his destere
 Of herbyo fyne and geos
 hym self drank water of the well
 As did the knyght our percywell
 So worthy vnder avey
 Gylt it was oppon a day
 No more of this for goddis gyfte
 Quod our host for yold maty me
 So every of thy l^rbesnes
 That also wylly God my soule ble

for as much than as reson is rebell to god therfor is man worthy to
 to have sorowe and to be dede This soferyd our lord Ihu crist for
 man after that he had be despyrd of his despyll And distreynyd
 And bound so that his blode best out at every nayle of his hondis
 as seyth Seynt Austyn and further more for as much as reson
 of man ne wolt nat dante sensualete wban it may therfor is m//
 an worthy to have shame And this sufferyd our lord Ihu crist
 for man wban they spate in his wesege and fether on for as mu-
 ch than is the wretched keytyf body of man is rebell bothe to reso
 and to sensualete therfor is it worthy the dede And this sufferyd our
 lord Ihu crist for man vpon the cros wwhere as there was no parte
 of his fleshy body free wythoutyn grete peyne and bitter passion
 And all sufferyd Ihu crist for man that neva forgetid to meditt-
 am I peyns for the thyngis that I men deservyd and to much de-
 fontys for shenship that man is worthy to have And therfor may
 the symple man welc say as seyth Seynt Bernard A crafyd
 be the byttunes of man syn for wyth ther must be sufferid so m//
 uche buttunes for certis after the dyvers discordantio of our
 wedynges was the passion of Ihu crist ordeynyd in dyvers thy-
 ngis as this certis synfull mannes soule is betrays of the debyll
 by cooerage of temperat gpperete And scowp by deserte wban he
 chasys fleshy delytis And yt is it timentid by in pacyence
 of aduise and by espyte by seruage and subiection of synne
 and at the last in flam fenally for this dishordenance Of
 synfull man was Ihu crist be trayd and after that was he
 bounde that cam to vnbryng vs of synne and of peyne pa-
 was he be scowp that oonly shuld bene honoryd in all thy-
 ngis and of all thyngis than was his wesege pat oute to be
 despyrd to be kyne of all mankynd in wyth wesege aminge
 his desyre to lobe welcomly be spete than was he scowp y
 nothyng had gyte r synally then was crucified r crafyd
 then had he complyd the word of gane heawas aroundit
 for our mysdeed r defoulid by our viloneis. Nowe arth pat
 Ihu crist toke vpon hym the peyn of al our wedynges
 much out synful man wepe r be wafte that for his synys
 Gozdis son of heven shuld al this peyne endure The vi
 thyng pat oute to mede a man to contricion is the hope
 of iij thyngis. That is to sey forgyunes of synne r the

Austyn

Bernard

S Petrus

gift of grace Wele for to do & the glory of heven with ye which
 crist shal reward man for his good dedes And for as much as
 ihu crist dyeth as these mystis of his lenger of his owne
 bonite therfor is he clepid qhns nazarene rex iudeorum Jhe
 is to sey our saviour or salvation of whom men shul hope
 to have forgyvnes of synnyis which is promysed salvation of
 synnyis the an gell sayd to joseph howe shalt clepe his name
 qhe that shal save his pepill fro his synnyis And here of
 seyith seynt petrus. There is noon othir name vnder heven yt
 is gyven to any man by which a man may be saved but only
 qhe nazarene is as much for to sey as a florissmyng in which
 yat a man shuld hope yat he yat dyeth hym remission of
 synnyis shal gyve hym grace wele for to do. I was atte dore
 of thyne hert seyith Jhe & clepid for to entre he that openyth
 to me shalt have forgyvnes of syn & I wol entre in hym
 by my grace & soupe with hym by the good workis yat he
 shal do with workis been the food of god And he shalt
 soupe with me by the grete joy I shal gyve hym & thus
 man shalt hope for his workis of penance that god
 shal gyve hym his regn as he behotteth hym in ye gospel
 Nowe shal man vnderstonde in which maner shal be
 his contricion. I sey that it shal be vnnysat & totall yat
 is to sey a man shal be verrey repentant for al his syn
 nyis that he hath don in delite of his yowte for delite
 is perlonis. For there been too maners of consenting
 the toon of hem is clepid consenting of affection when a
 man is mevid to do synne & desirith hym long for to yntre
 ther on & his reson perceyvyth it wele and yat is synne a
 zent the lalbe of god And yet his reson refreynyth nat his
 foule delite or talent yowte he is wele apertly yat it is
 a zent the reverence of god at yowte his reson consent
 nat to do that syn in dede. yet seyith som doctours such
 delite that dwellith long it is ful perlonis al be it neid
 od lye. And also a man shuld nat sorrowe namely for al
 yat dur he hath desird a zent ye will of god & thus
 perfite consenting of his reson for of it is no doute but
 it is dedely syn in consenting For certis ther is noon
 dedely syn that it is first in mannyis thowgt & after yat

in his delite

thy gyltis to thow forgyfdest hem that have a gylt the be wele
 ware that thow be out of charite. This holy crison amenn
 fith eke venyff synne and therfor it pertynyth specially to
 penitence. This preyer must be trewly seyde in very feyth &
 that men prey to God ordynarly and discretly & devoutly
 Alwey a man shall put his will to be subiect to the will
 of God. This preyer must eke be seyde with grete humblynes
 & ful pure & nat to the noyance of any man or woman It
 must eke contemnyd with avoyde of charite It a day lth oke
 azeust the viciis of the soule. For as seyth seynt Jerome
 by fasting been oward the viciis of the flesh And by preyers
 the viciis of the soule. After this thow shalt understond þ
 bodely peyne stont in awaking For ihu crist seyth Wa
 kith and preyith that yee ne entur in to viciis temptacon
 yee shall understond that fasting stont in thre thyngis in
 forbering of bodely mete and drynk & in forbering of
 foltees and in forbering of deedly synne. This is to sey pat
 a man shall hope hym from deedly synne with al his myght
 And thow shalt understond that God ordeynyd fastingis
 And to fasting apperteynyth .iiij. thyngis. Largenes to pore
 folk gladnes of hert spiritual nat to be angry ne to be noyed
 ne to gruche for he fastith. And also resonabil oure for
 to ete by mesure that is to sey that a man shuld nat ote
 in butyrne ne in the lenger at his tabill for he fastith //
 Then shalt thow understond that bodely peyne stontith
 in dyscypline or teching by word or by writing or by su
 pplys or by abereing of herys. This of stamyn or habur
 gon or herynall flesch for cristis sake & such maner of
 pendances ne make nat thy hert bitter or angry anoyd
 of our lord ihu crist. And therfor seyth seynt gregory
 thow shalt be the that been chosen of God in hert of
 misericord seynter sufferance & such maner of cloyn
 in such ihu crist is more apayd then an heron or an
 haburgon. Then is dyscypline in cloyn of thy brest
 strenging with zerdus in chelung & tribulacions in
 suffring patiently. Wheris that been doon to hym &
 eke in patient suffring of maladies or lesing of a wordly
 catell or wyff or child or othir frendis. Then shalt

Jerom

[illegible]